

THE 12 PAGES OF EXCITING ADVENTURE IN FULL COLOR

Illustrated by

Charles Bess, Jr.
Illustrations by Charles Bess, Jr.

Bill Boyd

WESTERN

1964
NOV
1964



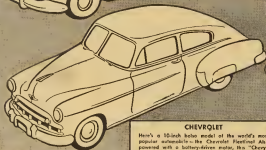
IN THIS ISSUE
**TRAILS OF
DEATH!**

A man in a cowboy hat and yellow shirt stands next to a dark horse. The background is a solid blue color. The man is looking up and to the right with a slight smile. The horse is facing forward, looking slightly to the left. The overall style is that of a vintage pulp magazine cover.

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NO. 9

IN THIS ISSUE:
**TRAILS OF
DEATH!**

Here's just think — with ends and wire well fast! Powered with 8 rods connected to flashlight batteries in the body, you can steer this model in any direction or make it go straight. And these full size plans are so easy to follow that even if you've never built a model you can make this snappy model. Plans cost only 25 cents, postpaid. Order Plan No. 357.



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Western team at Republic Pictures. See
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BANDITS
HOLDING UP
GOLD STAGE
NEAR BIG
SMOKEY
SMELTER!

HAI TEN BARS O'
PURE GOLD. LETS
MAKE TRACKS FOR
THE BORDER!

THEY'LL GO FOR THE
BORDER. I'LL TAKE
SUICIDE PASS
AND HEAD
EM OFF.

THERE THEY COME.
WE'LL STRING A ROPE
ACROSS DEATH
BEND CURVE.

"Rocky" spots Gold Stage
carrying heavy gold bars
roaring toward the border.

THEY WON'T SEE THAT
ROPE UNTIL THEY'RE
ATOP IT. WE'LL GET
'EM BY SURPRISE.

IT'S ALL OVER BOYS COME
REAL PEACEFUL LIKE.

THERE'S A BIG
REWARD FOR
THEM CRITTERS.
"ROCKY."

THE REWARD I
WANT IS A SMOOTH,
REFRESHIN'
CARNATION
MALT.

The gold safe, the grateful owner of
Big Smokey Smelter treats "Rocky"
to a Carnation Malt.

SINGLE-HANDED,
"ROCKY" HOW DID
YOU DO IT?

EASY! I KEEP UP MY
STRENGTH WITH THESE
GOOD CARNATION
MALTS

DRINK MY FAVORITE,
CARNATION MALTED MILK.
SWELLTASTIN' AND CHUCK
FULL OF ENERGY AND
MUSCLE-BUILDING FOOD.
THEY'RE A CINC H TO
MAKE RIGHT AT HOME
ANYTIME. ASK YOUR MOM
TO GET CARNATION
MALTED MILK TODAY.

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Chocolate and Natural
in pretty 3-oz. jars.





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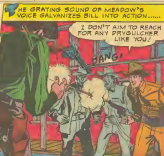
W. A. Fawcett Jr., President



QUICKLY DISMOUNTING, BILL STRIDES OVER TO THE TERROR-STROKEN WOMEN.....



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THE FOLLOWING DAY....

YOU CAN GO NOW, MEADOW! SOME DAY, I'M GOING TO GET EVIDENCE TO KEEP YOU IN JAIL FOR A LONG TIME!

I AIN'T FORGETTING THIS, BOYD! WE'LL MEET AGAIN!



HE'S BAD MEDICINE, ALL RIGHT!

WE CAN GUESS WHY HE AND HIS BOYS HAVE SO MUCH MONEY TO CELEBRATE! HE'S PART OF THE BORDER GANG THAT'S BEEN DRY-OUTING THE WADDIES TRYING TO GET CATTLE TO JUNCTION CITY! THEY RUSTLE THE HERD AND THEN SELL IT!



THERE'S NO MARKET FOR BEEF HERE, BUT EVERY TIME OUR RANCHERS TRY TO GET THEIR BEEF TO JUNCTION CITY WHERE THEY'RE CRYING FOR IT, THE BORDER GANG STRIKES!

JUNCTION CITY IS ABOUT ONE THOUSAND MILES FROM HERE! I RECKON IT GIVES THOSE POLECATS PLENTY OF TIME TO WORK!

IT'S GETTING SO YOU CAN'T GET ANY HANDS TO TAKE THAT TRAIL! ZACK FOSTER'S GOT FIVE THOUSAND HEAD HE WANTS TO DRIVE TO JUNCTION CITY! HE'S PAYING DOUBLE WAGES AND A BONUS--BUT NO TAKERS SO FAR!

I RECKON I'LL RIDE OUT FOR A POW WOW WITH FOSTER, SHERIFF! I'D LIKE TO SURPRISE THOSE RUSTLERS THE NEXT TIME THEY STRIKE!



SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, AT ZACK FOSTER'S SPREAD.

THAT'S RIGHT, BOYD! I'M PAYING TOP WAGES AND A BONUS TO GET MY STEERS TO MARKET, BUT THAT BORDER GANG IS SCARING OFF THE BOYS!

LOTS OF HANDS AROUND HERE NEED WORK! I'LL TRY TO GET THEM TO HELP ME DRIVE YOUR CATTLE THROUGH!

IF YOU CAN, BOYD, YOU'LL OPEN THE WAY FOR OTHERS! UNLESS I GET MY STEERS INTO JUNCTION CITY, I'M BANKRUPT!

IT'S A MIGHTY TOUGH TRAIL, BUT WE'LL MAKE IT! BESIDES, I'M HOPING TO PICK UP EVIDENCE THAT'LL PUT JACK MEADOW AND HIS GANG IN JAIL!



A FEW DAYS LATER, BILL BOYD HAS ROUNDED UP THE HANDS AND PREPARES TO START TO JUNCTION CITY.



GOOD LUCK, BILL! I'LL MEET YOU IN JUNCTION CITY!

WE'LL DO OUR BEST, MR. FOSTER!

ALL RIGHT, BOYS! GET THE CATTLE MOVING!

GIT! KIH!!!

YIPPEE!



BUT NEWS OF BILL'S VENTURE HAS REACHED JACK MEADOW, AND...



THERE THEY GO, BOYS! BUT BOYD WON'T REACH JUNCTION CITY ALIVE! WE'LL TAIL THEM UNTIL I THINK IT'S THE RIGHT TIME TO STRIKE!

AFTER WE SELL THE FIVE THOUSAND HEAD, WE CAN HAVE A REAL CELEBRATION!

RIGHT! BUT I WANT YOU BOYS TO SAVE BOYD'S CARCASS FOR ME! I'M TAKING CARE OF THAT HOMBRE MYSELF!



THE FIRST WEEK OF THE LONG TREK PASSED UNEVENTFULLY, BUT THEN THEY ENCOUNTER THEIR FIRST BLOW--A RAGING RIVER.....

THE MELTING SNOW FROM THE MOUNTAINS IS MAKING THAT RIVER ROSE BY THE MINUTE! BUT WE CAN'T WAIT! LET'S GO MEN!

WHATEVER YOU SAY, PARD!



MEANWHILE, A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY.....

THEY'RE GOING TO TAKE THEM ACROSS, BOSS!

GOOD! WHEN THEY GET IN THE MIDDLE OF THAT RIVER, WE MOVE IN! THEY'LL HAVE ALL THEY CAN DO TO KEEP THE CATTLE FROM BEING SWEEPED AWAY!









WHAT'S UP, BILL? I HEARD SOME SHOOTING!

MEADOW'S GANG ARE CIRCULATING AROUND TO PICK OFF OUR BOYS! TELL THEM TO KEEP THEIR EYES OPEN!



THREE OF OUR BOYS DRYGULCHED!

THEY DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE! POOR FELLOWS! WE HAVE A SAD TASK TO DO NOW! LET'S GET IT OVER WITH!



TIE THIS VARMINT UP! WE'LL TURN HIM OVER TO THE SHERIFF WHEN WE GET TO JUNCTION CITY! LET'S GET GOING! I WANT TO MAKE THE WATER HOLE BEFORE NIGHT SETS IN!

RIGHT! GIT ALONG! KYIEEE!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT.....

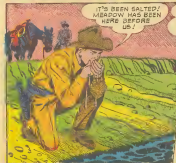
DID YOU SALT THE WATER HOLE?

I PUT ENOUGH IN THERE TO DRIVE ANYONE HAYWIRE WHO DRINKS IT!



4 HOURS LATER, AS THE HERD NEARS THE PRECIOUS WATER NEEDED TO CARRY ON THE LONG MARCH.....

WAIT! HOLD THE CATTLE HERE! THOSE ARE FRESH TRACKS LEADING TO THE WATER HOLE! I'D BETTER CHECK!



IT'S BEEN SALTED! MEADOW HAS BEEN HERE BEFORE US!



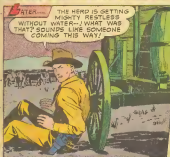
LET'S GET THE HERD OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE WIND SHIFTS AND THEY SMELL THE WATER! THERE'LL BE NO STOPPING THEM THEN! LET'S TRY THE NEXT WATER HOLE!

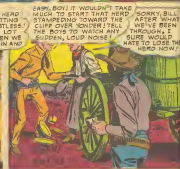
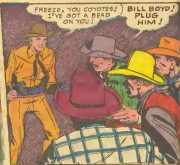
THAT'S ABOUT TWO HUNDRED MILES AWAY! AND WE'VE GOT ONLY ONE SMALL KEG OF WATER LEFT! WE WERE COUNTING ON WHAT WE'D GET HERE!

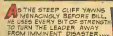
OUT WHEN THEY REACH THE NEXT WATER HOLE AFTER A TORTUROUS MARCH ACROSS THE BLAZING SANDS.....



HAT NIGHT... AS THE CATTLE FILL THE AIR WITH THEIR PLAINITIVE COMPLAINTS FOR WATER....







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BILL BOYD WESTERN

POISON GUN

By Westbrook Wilson

AS far back as he could remember, Dunny Baxter had been an admirer of Lon Lang. He idolized him the way a boy of the east idolizes a great baseball or football star. All day long the small boy would play with his hand-whittled wooden guns, carrying them in his belt, whipping them out, shouting, "Bang! Bang!"

Each time he got an imaginary badman, he'd pull out his broken-bladed knife and put another notch in a gunstock. Soon there were more notches than guns. The cowpokes all laughed at him and called him "Two-Gun Baxter." The boy, himself, pronounced it "two-dun" and presently it was "dun" and then "dunny"—which was how he came to be known as "Dunny Baxter."

When he was a kid the brone busters used to ask him again and again, "What're you going to be when you grow up, sprout?"

They invariably got amusement out of his answer, "I'm gonna be a dead-eye dun-slick like Lon Lang!"

They thought it very funny to see this little boy with his two wooden guns whipping them out and imitating his great hero.

One of the old-timers shook his head and declared sadly, "They oughtn't to encourage that button that way. Dunny thinks Lon Lang is a hero. But he's really, just a low-down, ornery, hired killer that the law hasn't ever quite caught up with. Any boy that takes Lon Lang as a model is bound to grow up to be a badman just as sure as I'm sitting here on this corral rail!"

But the young man laughed and said, "Old Pop, you're taking it all too seriously. A small fry with wooden guns can't be an owlhoot!"

So they built up and embellished the legend of the "great" Lon Lang and what a great shot he was until young Dunny thought of Lon as a sort of western Robin Hood, who used a Colt instead of a long bow.

But now Dunny was 18. He no longer said

"dun" for gun. In his holsters were two deadly Colt .45's and the only thing wooden about them was their burnished cedar stocks. Dunny was a man, tall, clear-eyed, brown-skinned. He had grown up in everything but his admiration for Lon Lang. He still believed all the great legends about the notorious gun slick. Some of the punchers, whose hair was graying, remembered the solemn but unheeded warning of Old Pop. "That kid's going to tie up with Lon Lang and he'll be a wild one for sure!" they said, gravely and sadly, forgetting that it was their own fostering of the Lon Lang legend that had made Dunny that way.

An amazing thing had happened to Dunny, an amazing and wonderful thing, according to his way of thinking. He had written a letter to Lon Lang and had received an answer. He had asked a chance to meet and maybe pard up with his hero. Lang had heard of the idolatrous boy who had long wanted to be a "dun-slick." He had also heard that Dunny could flip six pine cones into the air and bust them all with his Colt before they hit the earth. Lon Lang knew he could use an assistant like that.

Dunny rode at an easy gait toward the foothill cabin where he was to meet his "hero." His desire was to ride like the wind but some instinct told him it wouldn't be well to seem over-eager. He drew rein beside the cabin and dismounted quietly. He was nervous. He decided to have a peek in the window before going inside. There were two men seated at a table. Dunny recognized Lon Lang at once. Tall, broad-shouldered, was he. The gray at the temples only emphasized his fierce black hair. Eyebrows and mustache matched the hair for fierceness.

Dunny barely noticed the other man. The pair raised coffee cups and drank. The man opposite Lon Lang took a big swallow, grimaced, coughed, and pitched from his chair. To Dunny's horror, Lon Lang rose, stood over

the fallen, unconscious man, and calmly fired a .45 slug into his forehead.

For a second, Dunny was too stunned to move. Then, forgetting caution, he raced through the cabin door, into the face of Lang's smoking gun. Dunny halted, raised his hands, and panted, "I'm Dunny Baxter. You invited me."

Chuckling, Lang holstered his six-gun. "Howdy!" he said. "You ought to sing out before busting in like that. I might've put some daylight in your gizzard."

Dunny lowered his hands slowly and looked questioningly at the man on the floor. "Oh, him?" said Lang. "A no-good hombre. I was commissioned to finish him off. It was easy. One bullet."

"But he looked poisoned!"

"You've got a sharp eye, kid," grinned Lon. "You and I can go a long way together. I like a kid with a sharp eye. Of course he was poisoned. It's one of the elementary tricks in this business. I poison his coffee. That knocks him out. Then I pop him through the head. Nobody's going to think he was poisoned as long as there's a hole in his head. And I get my fee just the same."

"But . . . that's not . . . fair!"

"Fair? Listen, speig, if you plan to make your living by daylighting various no-good hombres, you've got to get any notions of fair play right out of your skull. Or else some sidewinder's going to put a hole in your skull and all those notions will drain out."

Lang paused, grinning, to roll and light a cigarette. He continued, "Now I've got a rep as a fast draw. I am fast. Fast enough to put on a show when it's necessary. But I don't believe in pushing my luck. Whenever I can poison a man first and shoot him later, I do it. It's the safe way. Makes you live longer. And that's the way, you and I will work it together. I've heard a lot about you, Dunny. We'll make a great team!"

Cold sweat froze Dunny Baxter's temples and his heart seemed tied in knots. It wasn't fear; it was disgust, loathing, revulsion and, above all, disillusionment! What a letdown! His great idol had turned out to be nothing better than a sneaky poisoner.

But Dunny's voice was even and calm as he said, "Put up your hands, Lon Lang! I'm

turning you over to the sheriff for murder!"

If the gun slick was surprised, he didn't show it. His hands blurred to and from the leather holsters. His guns barked, then clattered; they were lying on the floor as Lon gazed dumbly at his blood-reddened wrists. Dunny had met the notorious marksman, reputedly the fastest draw in the west, and had outdrawn him!

Grimly the young man bound the wounded wrists of the famous gunman and herded him to the sheriff's office where he reluctantly unfolded his eyewitness story of the brutal murder.

Brazenly, Lon Lang denied it all. "This sprout bushwhacked me!" he lied. "He's aiming to get some glory from bloodying up the great Lon Lang. His story about me poisoning somebody is just a lot of tumbleweeds."

"Lang, you've been suspected of murder more than once," drawled the sheriff, "but the law's never been able to prove anything. If ever there were any eyewitnesses, I allow as how your slick-gunning made them plumb speechless. Now here is a young hombre who is brave enough to march smack dab into the jailhouse with you and make the accusation. I'm a mind to believe him."

"My word's as good as his!" snarled Lang.

"Maybe, for the time being," drawled the sheriff. "But if an autopsy shows poison in the dead man, your head's in a noose, Lang!"

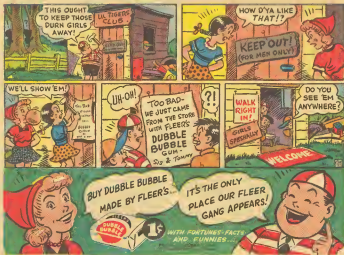
THE badman knew his game was up. "Curse you, Dunny!" he cried, his voice grating with rage. "I'll get out of this! And believe me, I'll fix you!"

"You have already fixed me, thanks," said the youth. "All my life I idolized you. I wanted to be a wild-riding, snap-draw gunman like you—a Robin Hood with a Colt!" he paused to laugh dryly. "But you fixed me good! You showed me how wrong I was! Why if I got to be like you, I'd be nothing but a lying, poisoning coward!"

He turned to the lawman. "Sheriff, I'm pretty handy with a gun. But my new ambition is to use it on the side of the law. Got any openings for a new deputy?"

"Reckon we can always use a good man," drawled the officer. "And any hombre who can outdraw Lon Lang is a real good man!"

THE END



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Bill Boyd

in THE EASY
SILVER DOLLARS

IN THE OLD WEST, THE SILVER DOLLAR WAS THE COIN OF THE REALM! LIKE TODAY'S PAPER CURRENCY, ENOUGH SILVER DOLLARS MADE A MAN WEALTHY, AND THERE WERE ALWAYS VARMINTS WHO TRIED TO MAKE THEMSELVES WEALTHY...THE QUICK WAY! BUT THERE WERE MEN LIKE BILL BOYD TO UNCOVER THE TRAIL OF THE...

EASY
SILVER
DOLLARS!

BILL BOYD, THE WANDERING COWBOY, TRAVELS THE ROAD ONE DAY.....

I RECKON WE'LL JUST STOP AT THAT OLD BARN AHEAD, MIDNITE! WE NEED A NEW BUCKLE ON THE CINCH STRAP! MAYBE WE CAN BUY ONE THERE!

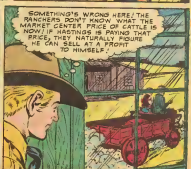
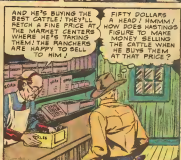
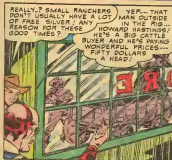
HEY THERE! ANYONE AROUND HERE?

THE REPLY COMES SUDDENLY ON THE END OF A FIST.....

NOBODY WHO WANTS ANY COMPANY!

SOCK!











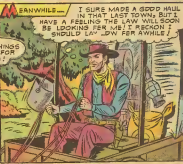


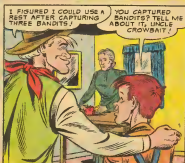
Bill Boyd

in The SCHOOLHOUSE MYSTERY

A CROWBAIT STORY







NOT NOW, OSCAR! YUH GOT TO GET TO SCHOOL OR YOU'LL BE LATE! TAKE THE APPLE FER THE TEACHER!

I'LL TELL YUH ALL ABOUT IT LATER!

I WISH YUH WOULDN'T TELL THE LAD THOSE TALES ABOUT YORE CAPTURNS BANDITS! HE BELIEVES THEM!

NOW TESSIE, WHAT HARM CAN IT DO? I WANT MY NEPHEW TO THINK I'M A HERO!

AT SCHOOL....

YORE REGULAR TEACHER IS SICK SO I'M TAKING OVER FER THE DAY!

THIS APPLE WAS FOR MISS BLACKBOARD, BUT YOU CAN HAVE IT!



AN APPLE WITH A WORM IN IT!

HA, HA!

HA, HA!

HA, HA!



YUH LITTLE BRAT! I'LL TEACH YUH NOT TO PLAY A TRICK ON ME!

WHACK!
WHACK!
WHACK!



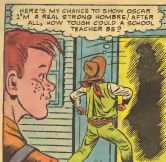
NOW STAY OUT OF THIS HYAR SCHOOLHOUSE!

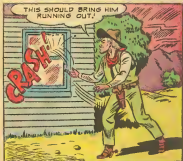
(SOB) MY UNCLE CROWBAIT (SOB) WILL FIX YOU FOR THIS (SOB)!

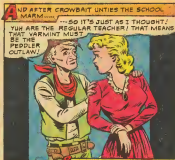


SHORTLY AFTER....

STOP YORE SOBBING, OSCAR! I'LL TELL THAT TEACHER OFF! NO ONE CAN GET TOUGH WITH MY NEPHEW AND GET AWAY WITH IT! YUH WAIT HYAR AND I'LL KNOCK HIM THROUGH THE DOOR SO HE LANDS AT YORE FEET!







BOYS! GIRLS! HURRY! -BE THE FIRST TO OWN
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BRACELET!**

with
**YOUR OWN NAME
and BIRTHSTONE!**
(or without birthstone, if you prefer)

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CAPTAIN JACK

Tom Mix

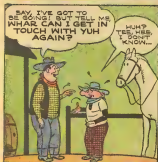
ANDY PATTON

Gobby Hayes

Monte Hale

HORALONG CASSIDY

CAPTAIN JACK





Captain Tootsie

**SAVES
LITTLE
SALLY!**

By BILL SCHREIBER

CAPTAIN TOOTSIE AND HIS YOUNG FRIENDS ARE WATCHING THE WORLD SERIES GAME ON A NEARBY ROOF.



O.K. ROLLO, YOU TAKE THE BINOCULARS WHILE I HAVE MY FAVORITE CANDY - ENERGY-GIVING TOOTSIE ROLL!



OH BOY, TOD WILLIAMS IS HITTING A LONG ONE... IT'S HITTING THE TOOTSIE-ROLL SIGN... IT'S A HOME RUN!



WHILE EVERYONE ON THE ROOF IS EXCITINGLY WATCHING THE GAME, MARYBELLE'S LITTLE SISTER SALLY HAS PULLED AWAY FROM MARYBELLE'S CLASP - TOWARD THE EDGE...



LOOK, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE! LITTLE SALLY HAS GOT AWAY - LOOK SHE'S WALKING TO THE EDGE!



QUICKLY - IN THREE LONG STRIDES CAPTAIN TOOTSIE FIRMLY GRASPS THE TOTTY ARM - SAVES HER FROM MAKING THAT FATAL LAST STEP...

WOW! JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME! SALLY, YOU HOLD ONTO SISTERS HAND HEREAFTER!



THANK YOU CAPTAIN TOOTSIE - WE'RE THE GIRL'S PARENTS. HOW CAN WE EVER REPAY YOU?



PLEASE FORGET IT! SHE'S WORTH SAYING! BUT SHE SHOULDN'T BE ON THE ROOF!

WE HAD ENOUGH EXCITEMENT UP HERE - NOW LET'S ALL HAVE SOME DELICIOUS TOOTSIE ROLLS AND SEE THE REST OF THE GAME... WHAT'S THE SCORE?



IT'S ALL TIED UP!

THANKS CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!



**Tootsie
POPS**
2¢

CHERRY
ORANGE
LEMON
LIME

DELICIOUS
CREAMY
TOOTSIE ROLL
CENTER

**BOYS! GIRLS! TRY THOSE DELICIOUS
TOOTSIE POPS! AND THE
POPULAR, LUSCIOUS
TOOTSIE ROLL,
TOO!**

**Tootsie
Roll**
5¢
only 5¢





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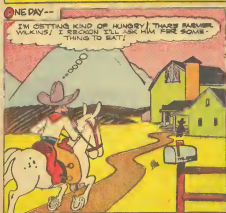
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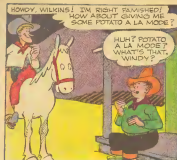
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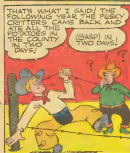
WINDY AND THE POTATO BUGS

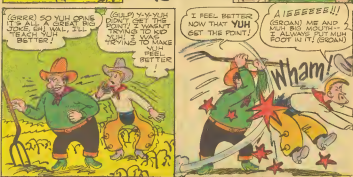
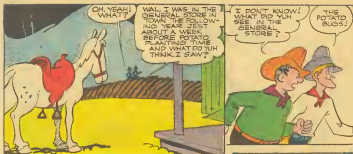


HE GROWS A LOT OF POTATOES!
HE'S SHORE TO GIVE ME A FEW
BAKED 'SPUDS AT LEAST!









Bill Boyd in THE PEACE PACT



On a dark and stormy night, two horsemen race across the countryside, until with a savage leap ---

BUT THE HANGERING COWBOY, BILL BOYD, IS RIDING BY AT THAT MOMENT, AND ---

WHOA THERE, MONIE! THAT VAMANTS BENT ON TROUBLE!



DROP THAT KNIFE, YOU SIDEWINDER!



NO!

OOOW!

SOCK!





GIDDAP!

HE'S GETTING AWAY!
BUT I'D BETTER SEE
TO THIS POOR MAN
HE ATTACKED!



HE'S DONE FOR! HIS WALLET,
HERE IDENTIFIES HIM AS GEORGE
HAGEN, GOVERNMENT AGENT!



BUT WHY WAS THAT MAN AFTER
HIM? INDIAN AGENTS ARE THE
OFFICIAL REPRESENTATIVES
OF THE GOVERNMENT IN ITS
DEALINGS WITH THE INDIAN
TRIBES! THEY'RE USUALLY HIGH-
RESPECTED BY ALL SIDES!

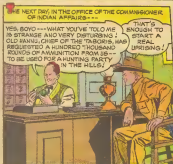


JUST THEN, BILL BOYD SPIES SOMETHING ON THE
GROUND---

A POWDER HORN... THE KILLER
DROPPED IT! MOST TRAPPERS AND SETTLERS
USE THEM FOR CARRYING EXTRA GUNPOWDER,
BUT THIS BEARS THE MARKINGS OF THE TABORI
INDIAN TRIBE!



THAT KILLER WAS DRESSED AS A COWPOKE,
BUT I DOUBT IF A COWPOKE WOULD CARRY A
TABORI POWDER HORN! BUT THE TABORI HAVE
A PEACE PACT WITH THE GOVERNMENT! I'D
BETTER RIDE TO THE INDIAN COMMISSIONER
AT BAXTER!



THE NEXT DAY, IN THE OFFICE OF THE COMMISSIONER
OF INDIAN AFFAIRS---

YES, BOYD---WHAT YOU'VE TOLD ME
IS STRANGE AND VERY DISTURBING!
OLD HANNU, CHIEF OF THE TABORIS, HAS
REQUESTED A HUNDRED THOUSAND
ROUNDS OF AMMUNITION FROM US--
TO BE USED FOR A HUNTING PARTY
IN THE HILLS!

THAT'S
ENOUGH TO
START A
REAL
UPRISING!



OLD HANNU HAS SENT WORD
HIS HILLS ARE OVERIDDEN
WITH RED FOX! A HUGE
HUNTING PARTY WOULD
PROVIDE MANY FELTS AND
MUCH MOGO FOR HIS
PEOPLE! IT'S NOT A BAD
IDEA...BUT NOW...??

I KNOW OLD HANNU
AND I'VE ALWAYS
LIKED HIM! BUT YOU
CAN'T GIVE HIM THE
AMMUNITION AFTER
THE NEWS I'VE JUST
BROUGHT YOU!

BUT WE MUST! OLD HANNU HAS A
PEACE PACT WITH US! TO REFUSE
WAS WOULD SHOW DISRESPECT AND
WOULD BE AN INSULT! THEN THERE'D
REALLY BE TROUBLE!
MAYBE YOU'RE
WRONG ABOUT
AN INDIAN
KILLING
HAGGIN!



SUPPOSE I GO
VISIT THE OLD CHIEF?
MAYBE I CAN GET
A LINE ON THINGS!
IF ANYTHING IS
WRONG, I'LL SEND
A WARNING
TO YOU!



WE'LL BE GRATEFUL TO
YOU, BOYD!
MEANWHILE WE'LL
SEND THE AMMUNITION
THROUGH THE
HILLS BY PACK MULE
WITH A FEW GUARDS! OUR
PACT OF PEACE AND
TRUST WITH CHIEF
HANNU MUST
BE KEPT!
GOOD LUCK!



THE FOLLOWING DAY, HIGH IN THE
HILLS OF THE INDIAN COUNTRY---

CAMPFIRE SMOKE,
MIDNITE! WE'RE
ALMOST TO THE
TASORI TRIBAL
CAMP!



AND SOON---
HOW, FRIENDS!
I'VE COME TO
VISIT MY OLD FRIEND AND YOUR
GREAT CHIEF!



HOW! CHIEF
HANNU IN CHIEF'S
TENTS IN CENTER
OF CAMP! COME!



I WILL FOLLOW! IT IS GOOD TO VISIT
IN YOUR GREAT HILLS AGAIN!



IT SUDDEENLY---



THAT ARROW---THAT'S AN OLD INDIAN WAY OF SHOWING
DISLIKE AND CONTEMPT! THAT BRAVE HAIN'T
HIDING HOW HE FEELS! I'LL JUST ANSWER HIM IN A
WAY HE'LL UNDERSTAND RIGHT WELL!





BUT WAIT---THERE GOES RUMA, STEALING OUT OF HIS TEEPEE!



HE'S HEADING FOR THE WOODS! (I'M GLAD I STAYED AWAKE TO WATCH! NOW TO SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO!)



MOMENTS LATER, IN THE WOODS---

YOU ARE ALL HERE! GOOD! AS YOU KNOW, I TOOK CARE OF AGENT HAGEN! NOW BOYD COMES HERE!

YES---I THINK HE SUSPECTS SOMETHING! BUT OLD HANNU DOES NOT! HE STILL THINK YOU ASK HIM TO SEND FOR AMMUNITION FOR HUNT!



YES, BUT AS WE PLANNED, WE WILL AMBUSH AMMUNITION TRAIN ON ITS WAY HERE, SEIZE IT, AND THEN WE ARE READY TO TAKE WARPATH!

NOW I SEE! RUMA AND HIS PAWS ARE PLOTTING BEHIND THE OLD CHIEF'S BACK! THEY'RE A PASSSEL OF RENEGADES!



BUT SUDDENLY, BELL'S FOOT LANDS UPON A TWIG AND---

WHAT WAS THAT? SOMEONE IS THERE---LISTENING!

OH---OH--- THAT DID IT! I'LL HAVE TO RUN FOR IT! MONITE'S JUST AT THE EDGE OF THE WOODS!

I CAN'T STOP TO SEE HANNU NOW, THEY'D HAVE ME DEAD BEFORE I GOT MY STORY OUT AND WOULD CLAIM THEY CAUGHT ME STEALING SOMETHING!

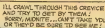
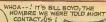
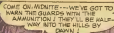
IT'S BOYD! GURK!-- GET HIM!

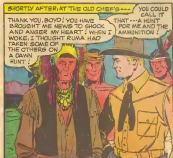


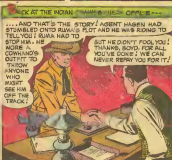
GET GONS, MONITE!

ON THE HORSES AND AFTER HIM!









HEY KIDS!

be first in your neighborhood
to own the new

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William Boyd as
Hopalong Cassidy

HOPALONG CASSIDY Radio

**Shatterproof!
Crashproof!**

\$16⁹⁵
Designed to
comply with
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- with Lariatenna!
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- Ask Dad to get you this Official
Hopalong Cassidy radio for Christmas!



Look for this Hopalong Cassidy
Radio Display in your favorite
store NOW!

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IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP \$2.⁵⁰

IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP \$3.⁰⁰

IF YOU SELL ALL 40 YOU KEEP \$4.⁰⁰

REMEMBER: No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottoes you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.

Mother

God took the Sorrow
from the Days
And made the Love
in your eyes
He gave you breath
And with His love
made years divine
But best of all
HE MADE YOU
MINE

CHILD'S PRAYER

Now I lay me down
To Sleep
I pray the Lord
my soul to keep
If I should Die before
I Wake,
I pray the Lord
my soul to take

**The Way of the
CROSS
LEADS HOME**

Love
one another
AS I HAVE
LOVED
YOU

**God Bless
OUR HOME**

**WRITE
FOR COMPLETE
DETAILS
TO** ➡

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